c. Nov. 1994

Philistine

The Very Very Late Fall Issue

Vol. 0 No. 0

Thank You For Your Tuition Dollars Support and Selflessness You Get What You Pay For.

Are We Having Fun Yet? Lots o' Love The Philistine OxOx

Go off on You!!!

Don't Pull An Art School Trip on us Don't Mind Fuck Us We'll

STAFF or STIFFS OF RIGHT ON BROS + SIS

Tanesha, Bill, Thendara, Anthony, Josh Todd, Shawn, Madeline, ChaKKa Khan, Bon Jovi, Vanilla Ice Rico. Suave NKOTB, and other Media savy giants

The Philistine is a ~~quarterly~~ zine which will focus on the issues, writings, and, most importantly, the students of S.F.A.I. Submissions are always needed, and the only real guideline is quality and black and white copy (for artwork). The format is generally what you see here, with possibly some experimentation in the future, and some changes if necessary. If you do want to submit writing, either type a copy for us, or submit your work on Macintosh compatible disk. If you wish to submit artwork, make sure it is black and white, and able to be Xerox copied. Lastly, I only wish to say that I hope to make a publication to be proud of, so pull out your pens, typewriters, paintbrushes, and imagination.

Philistine aka Philistine

by Tanesha Jemison

Philistine. Philistine with an emphasis on the third i. Anyway you say it you're fucked. A philistine is a lowbrow, one who not only lacks culture and is smugly indifferent to it but tends to attack it. A Philistine mistrusts any sign of culture in others. This word , this glorious word, can be used as both a noun and an adjective. Whew ! Matthew Arnold wrote in *Culture and Anarchy*: "The people who most give their lives and thoughts to becoming rich are just the very people whom we call philistines ." Mmmm, interesting. Schopenhaure defined philistine in *Personality or What Man Is* as " a man who has no mental needs."

Oddly enough this all sounds familiar. It's almost descriptive of someone putting a mirror up to the majority of the students at the Institute. You could gag an overweight elephant on the egos,attitudes,and pretentiousness that envelopes these people. This place is chock full of constructs. Not saying that the world isn't but the obviousness of it here is beyond belief. Where do we all, and I say we because myself included am a construct-a pathetic cliche of my own making-get off walking around with the attitudes we do. The amount of prejudging that goes on is preposterous. There are all these cliques and "in" groups. It's unbelievable.

"The Collective" . "We". "Us". "Them". Bullshit.

You know people say the eyes are the windows to the soul. well you wouldn't know that here. I have never seen a group of people more unwilling to make eye contact in all my life. The fact that the school is so goddamn small you would think that there would be more of an interpersonal community thing going on between everyone. Most people are so unwilling to get to know everyone. They're all preoccupied with there own bullshit. Fuck artfags! Who do they think they are walking around with their egos ten feet ahead of them? This place is a fucking miasma of pretentiousness! But I digress. I mean there has to be something of value here. The only thing of value I have noted is it's potential. This place can not exist as a vacuum, or can it? We'll see.

Of coarse we all know it's perfectly acceptable for me to bitch and moan on a level of this magnitude because frankly I'm willing to do something about it, which is more than I can say for the rest of the student body. I'm not quite sure why everyone here came to this school. To my knowledge most people came here to San Francisco from all over the country, the world even. I can't imagine why anyone would disrupt and migrate their entire lives without having a purpose wether vague or directed. I know within my own life I came here to grow and learn and have my artwork reflect that. To become someone who is living, doing and experiencing things individually and communally.

If the egos are so fucking great then why are they here. I mean if you consider everything you do a great work of art or just art for that matter,why are you here? For all intents and purposes you could just exist in your own bubble. Any art, great or otherwise, needs others to respond to it wether negatively or positively. Then ,and only then, is when it becomes art ,for that is the intrinsic nature of art. Art does not exist in a vacuum, it exist in a world a community. It's brought forth by the creator feeding off the needs of themselves and others. The actual art itself is the concept, the process and the result, not any individual portion.

This very idea is what I have not experienced at this school-if I have it was on a very small level. What this school needs-and yes I am going to tell you what this school needs. If you want to know what my qualifications are for thinking I know what this school needs fuck off! I don't need any. The fact that I pay $7500 per semester to have people mind fuck me is all the qualification I need. What this school needs is a wake up call. It needs to realize that it can only survive if it is based on community. Not some hokey idea of community. Community in a sense of being a part of something that doesn't always think like you do or behave like you do but is an intrinsic part of you. Feeding off the energy and throwing yours out there. Existing outside of a bubble. Opening your eyes and mind to something other than what you look at in the mirror in the morning. You don't have to like it or love it but for crying out loud look at it and at least experience it.

I hope this place lives up to the potential I think it has . It would be a big disappointment if we all went on with these hypocritical views of what art and the art "community" is. It's time for everyone to put up or shut up. Prove to each other that your not just egotistical artfags and if not to each other then at least to yourselves.

Painting Studio 117, a Shared Space- Who cares!

by Bil Sherman

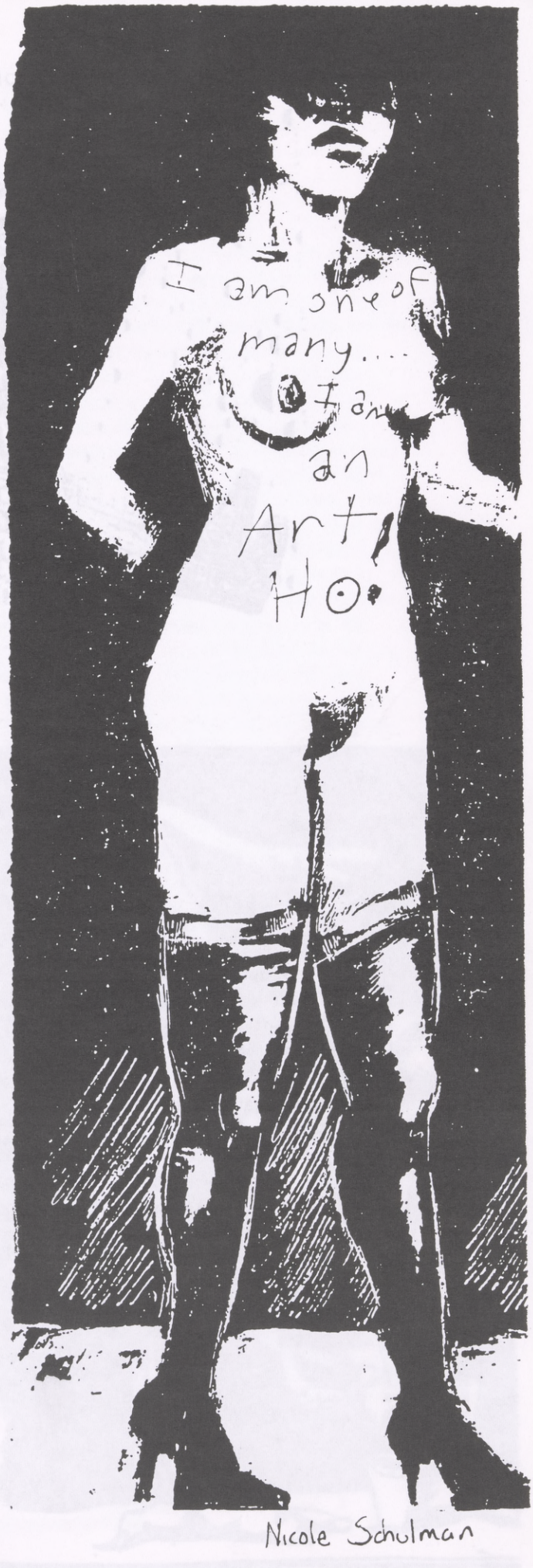
I'm really upset at myself. Painting studio 117, the lower class peoples shared studio space, was a damn mess this fall semester and I didn't do one thing about it. Sure I bitched to teachers and fellow classmates about the wall space being crowded by people's huge canvasses they were storing, so whenever the muse hit them they could work conveniently as possible.

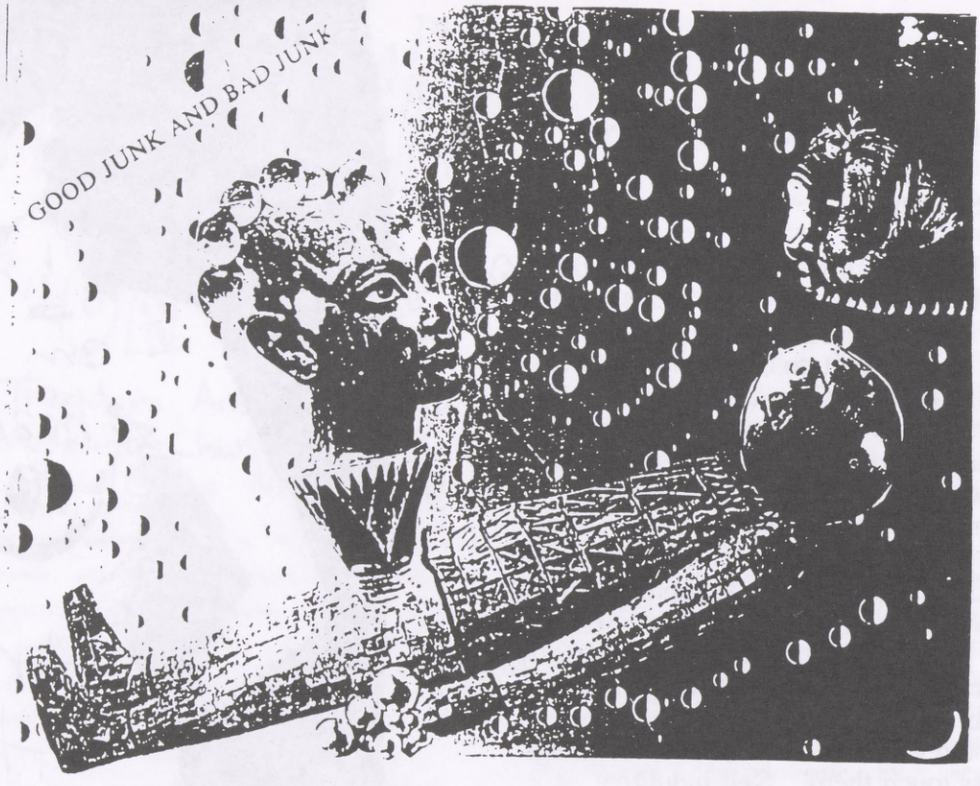
I mean it really made me upset. People would hang their pieces on the communal wall spaces with signs saying "Don't touch, don't move !" Why didn't I move them, it was my right, we all paid the tuition to use that space, they deserved it. But then I usually thought " Why would I want to look at those paintings much less touch them". Self indulgent bitterness, but none the less true. Why should I have to deal with the agro of pissing off fellow students.

I felt like the people who were working on these paintings owed me and the rest of the class some explanation, some sort of justification of their work getting more space than the rest of the people who use,or want to use, the studio. But they couldn't defend themselves even if they were challenged because they'd be wrong!

But in retrospect I see the state of the painting studios, the lockers the rack room typical of painting students in general. This sort of masculine dominant, here is my shit; deal with it attitude maybe kool in this environment but anywhere else it's just played out. It's not art, all the graffiti is just an in-joke and the studios and the rack room are just a mess. You set your bag on the floor you get paint on it . It's not environmentally sound.

What it comes down to is that every painting student has a right to work at school(and 117 is a tight space). Maybe the administration could pay a little more attention to the finer details of our needs (like extra racks for larger canvasses and get rid of the people who don't use their assigned wall spaces). But maybe we could be a little bit conscious of fellow students and pay a little bit more respect for communal spaces.





I send you this kiss
deliver this body to hold
I sleep with you tonight
with words of love untold
I would love you
If I might
with words that unfold
these arms to press you tonight.

by Theodore Robert Bundy

Sad neon cavemen
trip across the concrete
needles protrude from their heads
and they all say:
why can't we paint
why can't we paint
why can't we paint murder red?

said neon cavemen
lost in pasait
try to tempt
what tempted them
stained glass filtered light
shines across their needles
and they all say:
a river is a thin ocean
that needs to go somewhere
that needs to go somewhere.

sad neon cavemen
tied to torches
white paint and rotted teeth smiling
ropes of vine bind just as well
as words the old ones bled
and they all say:
we're watching for chrome
we're watching for chrome
religion.

CHRIS FARRIS

Ode to Bill Barrett. President. The San Francisco Art Institute. 1987-1994.

So
farewell then
Bill

your stay,
a bit longer
than

Keith's

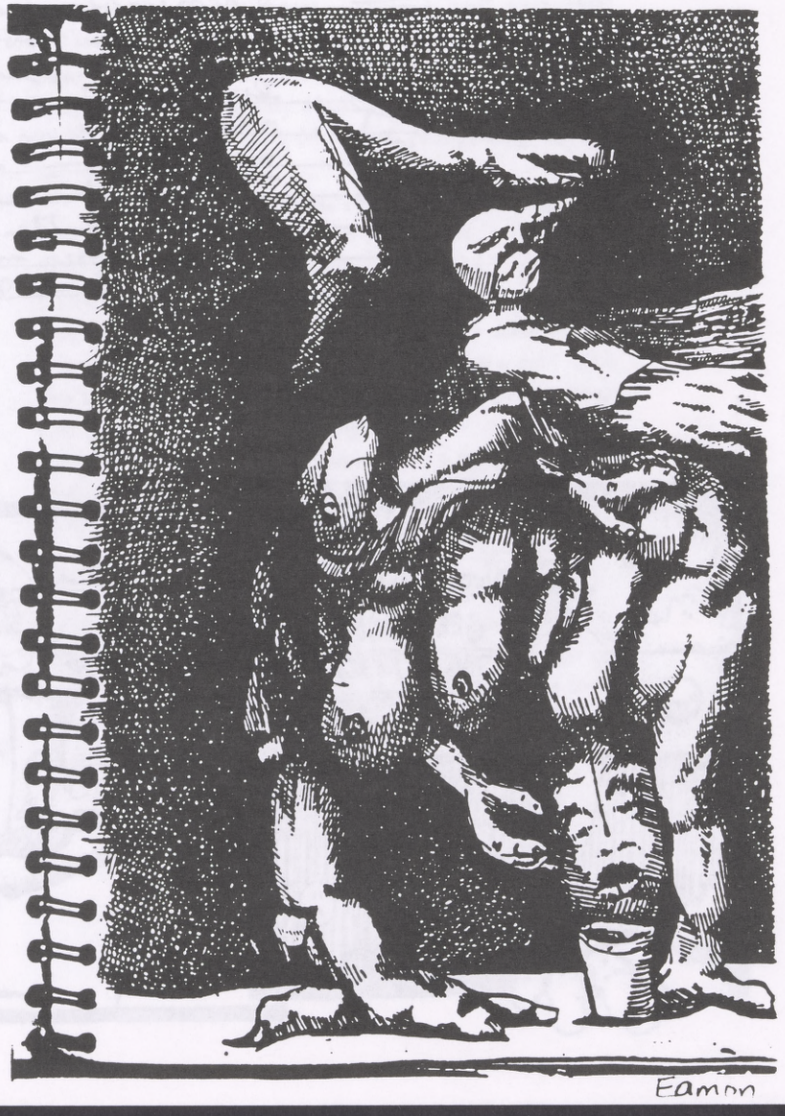
not
unlike this
ode.

Stephen Smith.

<u>nicotine & caffeine</u>

nicotine & caffeine
bleeding sugar
sweet
up all night
time
has no relivence
when we sit
in the only twenty-four hour place in town
you've got that high
that conversation high
swinging jaw
that conversation high
talk dirty
talk is cheap
(but so is the jo)
pea green & tangerine
creating dreams
up all night
sweet
bleeding sugar
caffeine & nicotine

Echo Miller



Hi! Here's some poems texts I feel free to share randomly!
Kristy O'Brien

Some dried crumbled rose petals
fumbled for in the bottom of a coat
pocket.
Wet, rain coated wooden scarf, thick
as night, dotted with tears.
You are a distant house I promise
warmth.

What the crevices in their faces don't
say, their voices do.

Belly to belly
toe to cheek
I dive, delve
until it comes into reach.

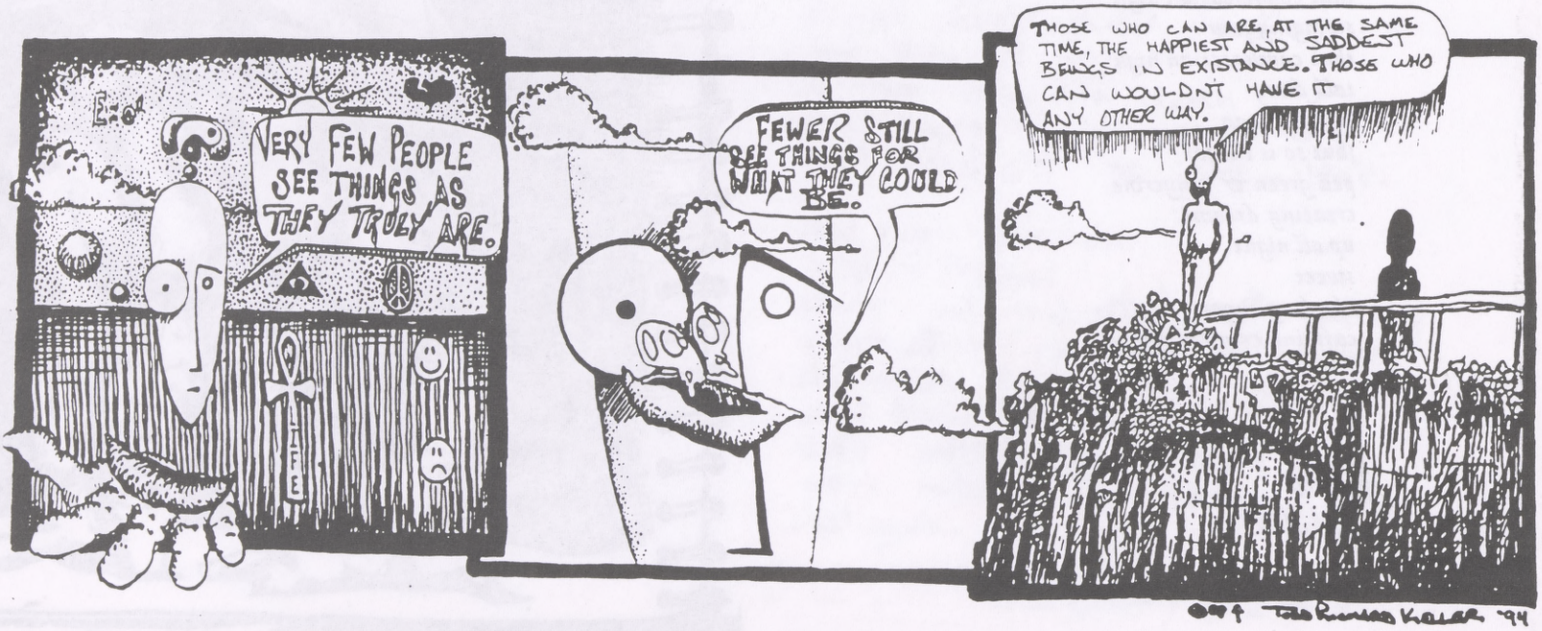
Susan sippe

words get tangled
sheets undone
wrapped around us
like we are one.

fleeting kiss
near miss
floats away
like smoke

I remember lying on a mattress
in someone's room, leg to leg,
arm to arm, layered between these
lives. In this darkened room we were
able to close our eyes and sing along.

That night sitting on the couch,
he told me the beginning of our story
I again closed my eyes - to contain
all the desire I felt.


VERY FEW PEOPLE SEE THINGS AS THEY TRULY ARE.
FEWER STILL SEE THINGS FOR WHAT THEY COULD BE.
THOSE WHO CAN ARE, AT THE SAME TIME, THE HAPPIEST AND SADDEST BEINGS IN EXISTANCE. THOSE WHO CAN WOULDN'T HAVE IT ANY OTHER WAY.
LIFE
©94 TOM KUNKEL KELLER '94

San Francisco is the Politically Correct Capital of the Fucking World

by Anthony Powers

I just moved hear from New York and I'm just a wee bit pissed. Why? You really want to know? Alright I'll tell you why, because San Francisco SUCKS! ARRGHHHH! Don't get me wrong San Francisco has some really good points to it (like the cookies in Pete's cafe!) Halloween was nuts and it's always fun to go to the movies around the city and the city is really scenic and all, but I guesse it's just not what I expected, so for any one else out there reading this who is thinking about moving out here let me give you the low down...

"Everyone in San Francisco is so naive." Bull shit. Bull shit. Bull shit. Sure they will say hello to you and all, but just ask them to go get some Dominoes with you and watch them cringe in disbelief of you uncivilized heathen. Theat's right San Francisco is the Politically Correct capital of the fucking world! People hear don't eat according to what tastes good-they eat according to what political groups are backed by what resteraunts! And these people protest everything!

I unknowingly got caught in the mid-September rally against U.S. blockades in Cuba, and just let me tell you that not one person protesting was a fucking Cuban. They were all Middle-aged lesbians and Socialists. And they were all white as a vikings ass in January! And they threw the word bougewa (booze-swha) around like art school grads throwing hamburger patties at Mickey D's!

And nobody drinks good old fashioned Budweiser! All they drink is imported beer to go with their imported basil cigarettes (or whatever you people but in those stinky things). I mean come on now, I thought this was Marlboro Country!

Also, you can forget about conversation, because everyone out here talks so goddamned slow. It's unreal, they all sound like Floyd, his girl friend Janis from the Muppets. I mean some of these people talk slower than an inbreeded hillbilly farmer from Missouri.

"San Francisco is home to some of the greatest food in the country." Nope, Nada, No way, not here. I mean if you can afford it I'm sure that the food is excellent but my whole diet back home consisted of pizza and bagels. Now my diet consists of peanut butter and Pete's cookies. The pizza sucks. I figured out why Escape from New York Pizza is called Escape from New York - because it sucked so bad that they barely made it out of New York. (and for all you people who say "But the Ramones lke it." let me just say this-the Ramones are from Rockway, and theres only two things to do in the Rockways-get high and get shot. They don't have time to eat pizza.) I went into a pizza parlor and asked for some zeppolies and the guy had no clue what I was talking about. I had to show the guy at a local SoMa cafe (alright it was Brainwashed) how to make an eggcream! Clueless absolutely clueless. I'm not even going into the bagels (I have to watch my blood pressure from eating all the fucking peanut butter) cause I'll get too upset.

"San Francisco has a great club scene." And surprisingly enough-it does: If you are 21! They don't tell you that in the brochures. But there are some clubs for us minors- the Trocadero is all ages on Wednesdays and for all live shows, and most clubs are all ages for certain live shows. But just try to hit Slim's or the Paradise Lounge or the DNA Lounge on an average Friday night. Well, let's just say make tonight a Blockbuster night (oops, sorry they support _____.); well, you could still veg to MTV (oops, sorry, forgot, they support _____); well, you could still read a good book (oops, it's not printed on recycled paper). Fuck it, just go to bed. And it's just as well because the fucking city shuts down at 2 A.M.! Two A.M.! Two A.-fucking-M.!! I'm just getting out of the shower at 2 A.M.!

"San Francisco has one of the best public transportation systems on the west coast." Oh, yeah, I have two words to say to that-TWO A.M.! Try getting a bus after 10:00 p.m., or a subway (ha! they call this a subway-it only goes in two directions!) after 11 p.m.. Try getting a cab anytime during the day. You can't. Oh and don't even think about walking because you could spend all day trying to climb some of these hills. Don't they have bulldozers in California! and watch out for those bike messengers from hell. Some of them are out for blood (like it's our fault that they are bike messengers!)

Well, that's all I want to complain about tonight, I want to eat my Dominoes pizza, finish my drink (Budweiser in a styrofoam cup) and then curl up next to my fire (I only use redwood timber) and read my Rush Limbaugh book. So until next time I'll leave on this final note-B#(B sharp.)

435. Amphora with Ajax and Achilles playing draughts, painted by Exekias. c. 550–540 B.C. Vatican, Museum.

Plato Was A Hot Shot

by Stephen Smith

The above amphora, dated 500 BC, has been attributed to Exelias and was believed to depict Ajax and Achilles playing draughts. However, recent investigations have shown that the vase depicts two men playing a game of pool. Indeed, in this instance it is Aristotle taking an unfortunate Plato to the cleaners. Successive historians, blinded by career ambitions, have always tried to deny the existence of pool in Ancient Greece.

Pool was invented by Pythagoras in 550 BC. Known chiefly as a scientist and mathematician, Pythagoras devised pool as a metaphor of the human condition in relation to the universal spheres spiraling their way to cosmic oblivion.

Leaving his holiday home on the island of Corfu, Pythagoras traveled about Greece studying people and discussing the mysteries of nature. He saw that all things were composed of numbers..... ratios, weights, volumes, national lottery coupons. It was through his success on the national lottery that he could afford to set up his monastery at Corona, devoted to the liberation of souls from the tyranny of the senses, thereby establishing an ever deeper communion with pool.

Phthagoras' original conception was a small hexagonal table on which marbles were struck with the tips of one's fingers. In the interest of state
ideology players usually wore battle dress and carried spears.

Socrates was an early fan of the game and it was he who, while pondering the limitations of language, suggested the
idea of a rectangular table. His suggestion was taken up and there followed the Golden Age of Greek Pool.
Plato himself, philosopher and pool champion of the School of Athens, taught that the senses can never give a true notion of reality, before astounding his disciples with an unbroken six month winning streak. Plato's nifty finger work was put an end to by 'Fast' Aristotle, a hustler from Macedonia, who argued that it was only by observation that men (sic) could make any money out of the game.
Subsequently Aristotle came to believe the game was too easy and drew up plans for an enlarged table and balls. The balls would be struck by the blunt end of a spear, held in line by a finger bridge.

As the Greek civilization declined so too did interest for this new form of pool. It would resurface in Renaissance Italy in the 15th century as part of the appropriation of Greek culture. The painter and mathematician Piero della Francessca was well know for his cushion shots and his book 'Geometry and the Foundations of Modern Pool' was on the Tuscany best-seller list for over a decade.

Garfield 16 ways!

Have em' your way!

The Diego Rivera Gallery Con-ed

All the art shown in the Diego Rivera Gallery sucks!!! No, not really, but to be honest that thought has entered this writer's mind on more than one occasion. Actually after about every show. But then I usually think "everybody has a right to their own opinion, and maybe this work shown is affecting somebody". I guess all that should go without saying.

To each his own. Right? Whatever. I don't care. I'm writing this and I should write about what I feel...

There is something inherently wrong with the Diego Rivera Gallery and up until now I haven't been able to put my finger on it. Maybe it's that the shows are juried, maybe it's the boring openings where it appears everyone shows up for the free beer, maybe it's the omnipresence of that awful mural and the huge institutional like walls. Or maybe, just maybe, the artists showing are pretending it's something that it isn't- a "real" gallery. I mean it is a real gallery in the sense that it is a place where art works are shown and people (in the Diego's case mostly fellow art students) come to experience them. An art space. But what's goin' on? What do we as artist hope to accomplish? What are we doing here in art school? What's the point of art?

Galleries have been traditionally used to sell art work and that of coarse still holds true today, and I don't think any amount of bitching will change that (hip hip hooray!) nor does it need to change. But I also believe galleries have more responsibility to the viewer than just to sell them something. That should go without saying as well.(la di da di da!)

Galleries should be places where information can be shared and obtained, experimentation and new concepts for presenting work are allowed, as well as cultural centers for the communities they exist in.(in the Diego's case we the students are the community), not just used as shopping malls.

Now I'm going to make some broad generalizations here, but I think they are valid points worth discussing.

I get the feeling that most of the artist who are given shows at the Diego Rivera Gallery are just using the space as some sort of playground for their art careers. Like " Hey everybody I can have a show too, just like artist in the reeeal art world!"

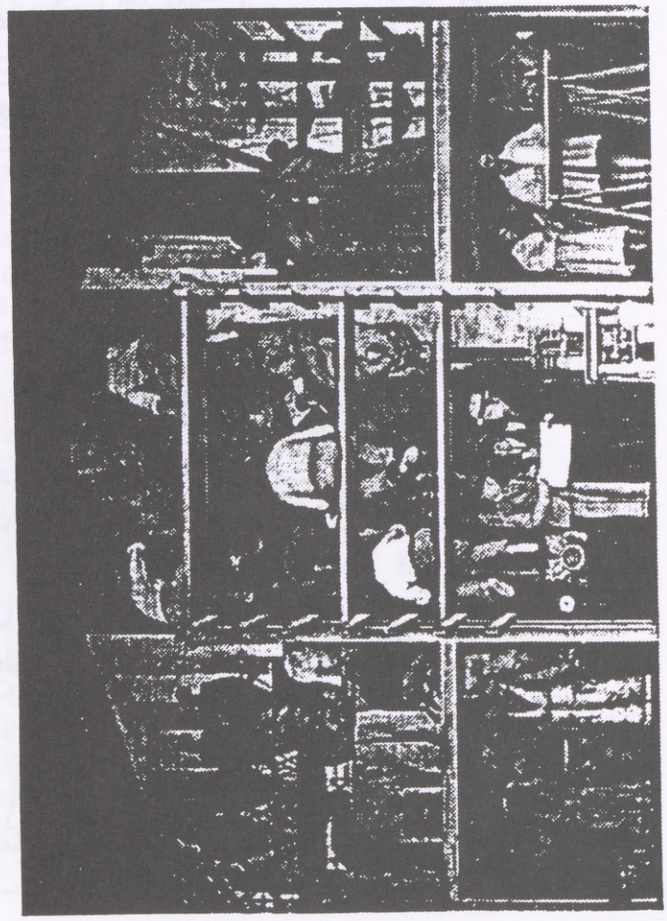
The shows are all about packaging. The artists packaging themselves for the fabulous gallery world. And maybe that's fine,but maybe it isn't. Maybe artists should start penetrating gallery spaces, penetrating the viewers and give people something more than a self affirming, back patting, gel-cap of a show that usually consists of a repetition of gimicky ideas.

It's never about any sort of personal voyage or exhibiting any experience that is real and that might be beneficial to the viewer. It's more like " look what I can do over and over and over and over again!" Like that repetition or series of work somehow justifies a show. Maybe that's what we're taught in art school. Maybe it's a mode of surviving in the art world. Maybe it fucking sucks and it reeks of capitalism. Maybe it doesn't. But either way the Diego never seems to affect my life on any important level, and I think that's kind of sad considering the Diego is the centerpiece of SFAI student exhibition space. And that's exactly what the space is,"a student art space" . Not some downtown gallery wannabe cultural experience. That weak, we're strong, we're SFAI!

So get into it! No one in the art world is seriously watching us. Our work is not going to be reviewed in any big periodicals or sold for big amounts of KA$H. So I say " Quit pandering to it". Start showing the work you have- and I know you have it- that reveals something raw, something real. Why? because I love you, I am you and I believe that we can come together on issues other than commerce.

Lots o' Love

Bil Sherman



Annie's Interpretation of the Diego Rivera Gallery (or Rock-Rock-Rock-Rock-Rock 'n Roll Art School)

Ah, the Diego Rivera Gallery. I can recall as a naive, gullible, San Francisco bound Art School fodder teenager, when I first laid eyes on the interior of the magnificent structure. The ominous leering faces of the characters portrayed within the legendary mural gazed down on me,and I thought to myself (just like they plugged so HEAVILY during orientation) " Gee and to think someday if I play my cards right and have a good round of Simon says with the SFAI faculty and ace all my Mickey Mouse tests around here, I could someday grace the walls of this gallery with my own art."

Unfortunately and much to my dismay non of this has quite yet materialized, however I am not yet jaded to the point that I can not recognize some of the redeeming attributes that this space possesses. For instance, during the first week of school, long after they stop giving you free food to impress your mom, and began to neglect the goldfish pond so it obtains a mucky, pea-green soup hue ("are those fish or carrot shrapnels") I stumbled, quite by accident upon an opening ! (insert "hallelujah" music here). " Why is everyone eating cheese and drinking wine out of Dixie cups? " I asked myself. "What's that shit on the wall?" I asked as I worked on a wine buzz and attacked the falafel. I came to the realization (via drunkenness) that the point of this shindig was not primarily to make a statement about art or to prove anything but rather to provide a platform for attention starved spoiled brats and to spend amicable time hobnobbing with the other knobs and trying to impress people. regardless of whether or not any exhibit contains real substance(some do, some suck ass) I can't see why that's so wrong.

If someone gets fifteen minutes of fame out of it, so be it. After all this is art school. Look at it like this people go to college sometimes to escape the real world. In turn, some people go to art school to escape college. Therefore, although some people may be sincere and dedicated, perhaps the prime objective for others is to have fun and spend there trust funds. (Unfortunately I don't fall under this category.) So lighten the fuck up!

Not too long ago I took my dear friend Robert Eggplant to school with me. I took him to the gallery, and although there wasn't a concurrent opening at the time, the fresco was as breathtaking as ever. I also have infinite fond memories of playing " don't fall off the SFAI roof" with equally drunk, giddy Art school goers after openings, so I feel it provides a valuable outlet to cultivate a school " community atmosphere". Drats on that note, I'll leave you on that riveting cliffhanger.

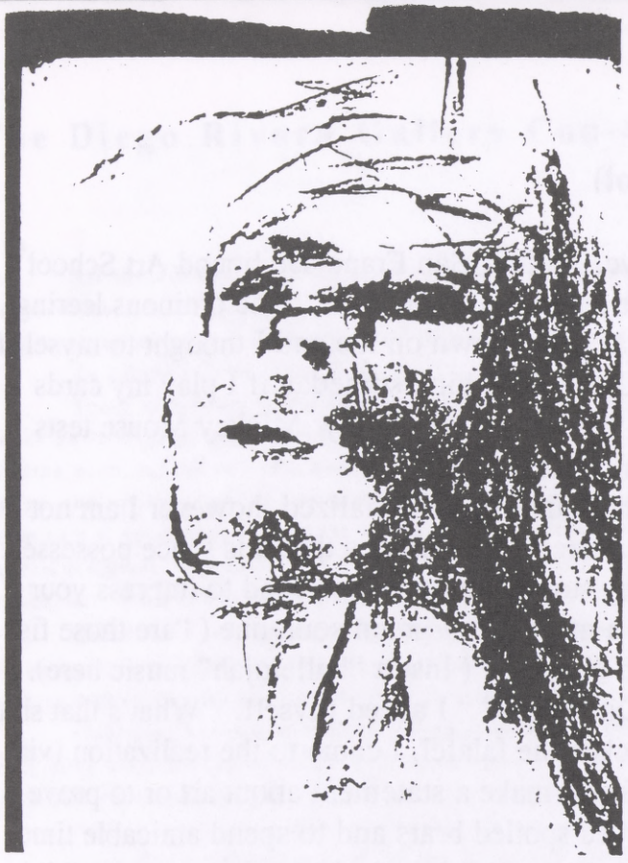
moron extraordinare,

-ANNIE

The Making of a Fresco Showing the Building of a City

In 1930, Diego Rivera (1886-1957) was awarded his first mural commissions outside of Mexico. He created three frescoes in San Francisco, including *The Making of a Fresco Showing the Building of a City* at the California School of Fine Arts (renamed the San Francisco Art Institute in 1961). Completed in June 1931, the mural measures 22' 7" x 29' 9" (5.68 x 9.91 m). Many prominent people of the time are represented in the mural, including architect Arthur Brown; sculptor Robert Stackpole; architect Timothy Pfleuger; and William Gerstle, president of the San Francisco Art Commission.

The fresco is visually divided into three sections by a network of scaffolding, framing individual scenes of urban construction. The foreground presents Rivera himself, seated with his back to the audience, and his assistants at work on the mural. The most prominent image, the one to which they are focusing their attention, is a worker-engineer. His vision is stoic and determined as he grips the controls of production. He towers above the overseers, who are absorbed in their plans. Rivera, active in left political circles and inspired by the revolutions in Russia and Mexico, seems to suggest his faith in the eventual triumph of the laboring classes over the employers.



"Crafted"

Semi-dark and an irregular heartbeat
Take ~~the~~ ~~pulsing~~ look
upward - attend the feast;
a feast of black and denied stimulation

Music ~~touch faces~~ irregular like
~~the~~ heartbeat. We are ready
for ~~the~~ a show...

We worship fuck-ups and whores...

and continue. Moment by that-
every inhalation

Smoke ~~caresses~~ undresses; all types and
scents and 1-2-3...
I begin to spin; I gaze at
the ceiling and see a ~~blood~~ shade.
I gaze at you and see an
unInhibited ritual-

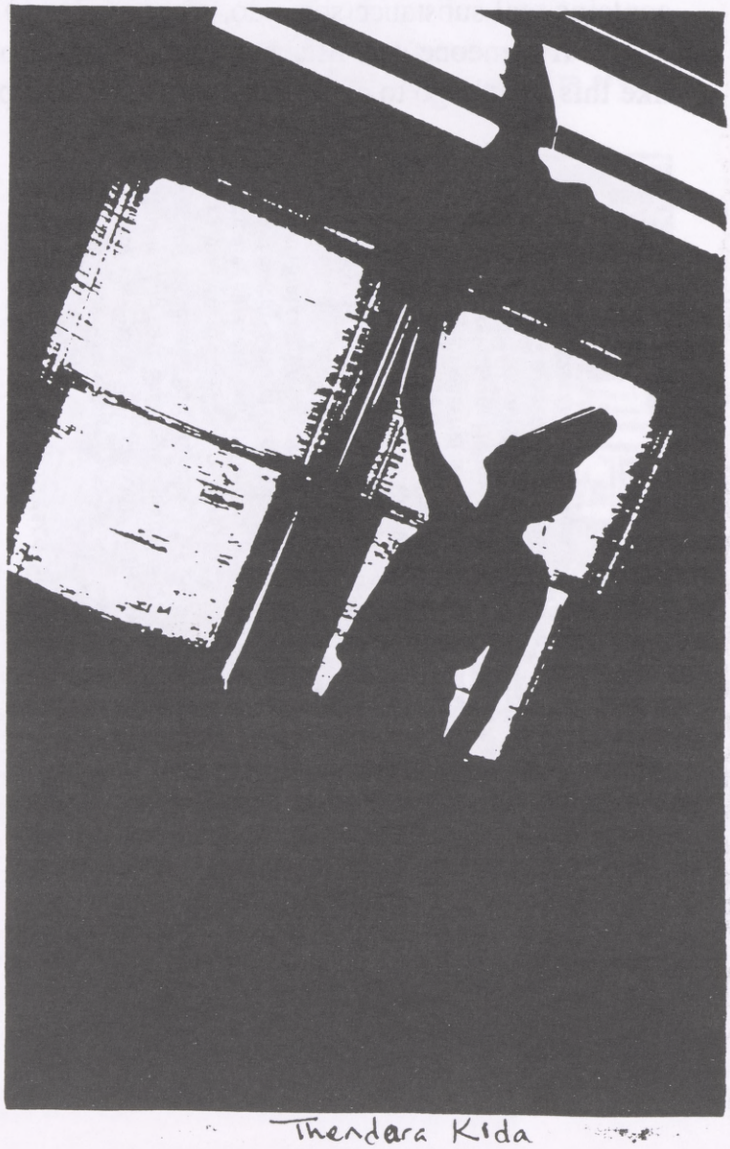
So think - you don't believe that
way you move; none of you
so I...

(begin to spin)

Anna W.

Thendara Kida

crazy technicalities
ARISE
from STARVED, and worn,
genitalia
without whim
nor bend
to suckle on to
the bullshit lies
of a temperate moonrise.
Trodden on,
snail slime,
creamed,
for lone
hungary enough to
feed on two
large women;
roasted
and
basted with butter.



Thendara Kida

Final Words

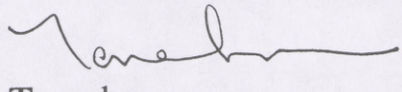
First off I would like to thank and congratulate everyone who so willfully submitted their work to this unbelievably great publication of ours. The outpouring of support was just astronomical. When we first started this project we never expected the response we got. This school unlike any other I've seen before has the biggest sense of togetherness and a drive for the advancement of art and the appreciation for a showcase of ideas and thoughts in our society that rivals all else of it's kind. Once again I repeat, bravo, we couldn't have done it without you.

You know sometimes I amaze myself at the amount of bullshit I can spew in one sitting. Not only is everything I just said not the truth but it is as far from the truth as Jeffrey Dahmer is from being a vegetarian. The fact that this magazine made numerous attempts at getting a student body of 600 plus to submit some or any of their work didn't seem to matter to anyone. No one seemed to care about sharing their thoughts and ideas. Maybe it was that everyone was caught up in their own work. That I could understand, but, we had an entire semester to put something out. We damn near begged for submissions, once again no one responded.

I mean I guess I have to understand you're all so busy, what with getting drunk at openings, getting high on the glorious SFAI roof and ditching all your "Mickey Mouse" classes who could possibly find the time to do anything else at all. Who were we to think that in an ART SCHOOL anyone could find the time to share a little of their creativity. We all obviously have something better to do!

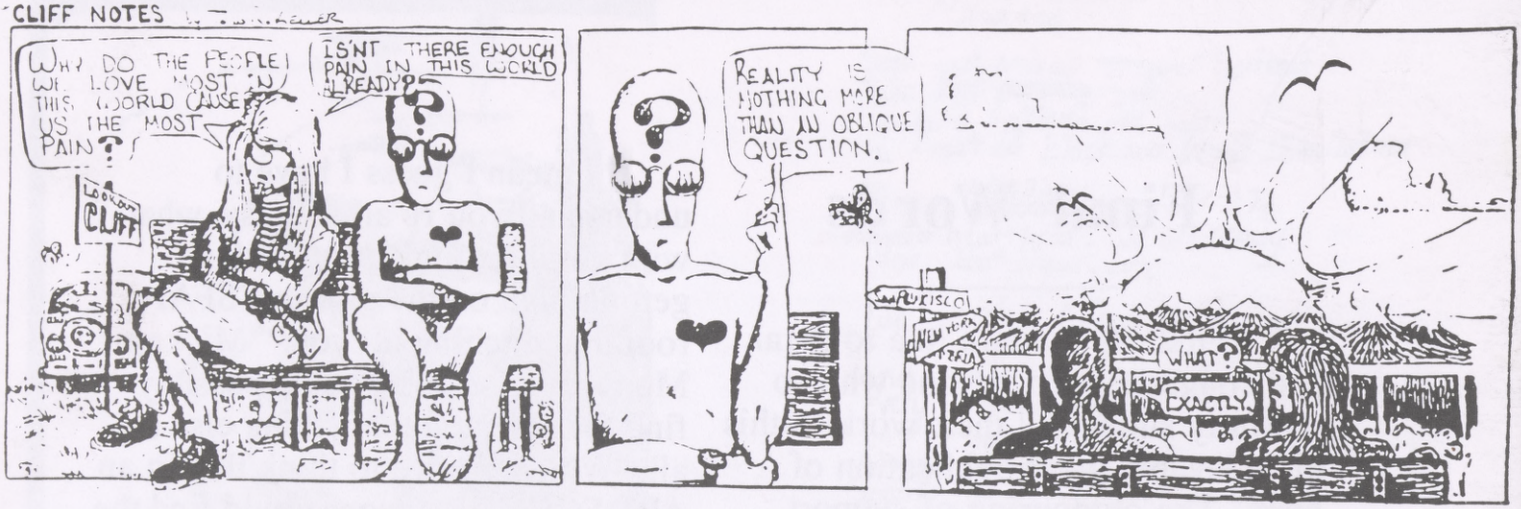
You know, this is a school publication, paid for with your tuition dollars; whether you want to be a part of it or not is entirely up to you. What I have to say is that given the fact that there are very few, and I mean very few, people who want to participate no one else can complain when something appears in it that you don't like or felt you could do better with your hands tied behind your back, eyes closed and a stick up your ass. As for future publications if you can find the time in your oh so busy schedules to actually do something please feel free to send it to us. All submissions, love-hate-apathy mail, phone sex (1-900-976-SFAI), death threats, manifestoes, conspiracy theories and 90210 plot twists are all welcome.

With sincere disappointed sarcasm,



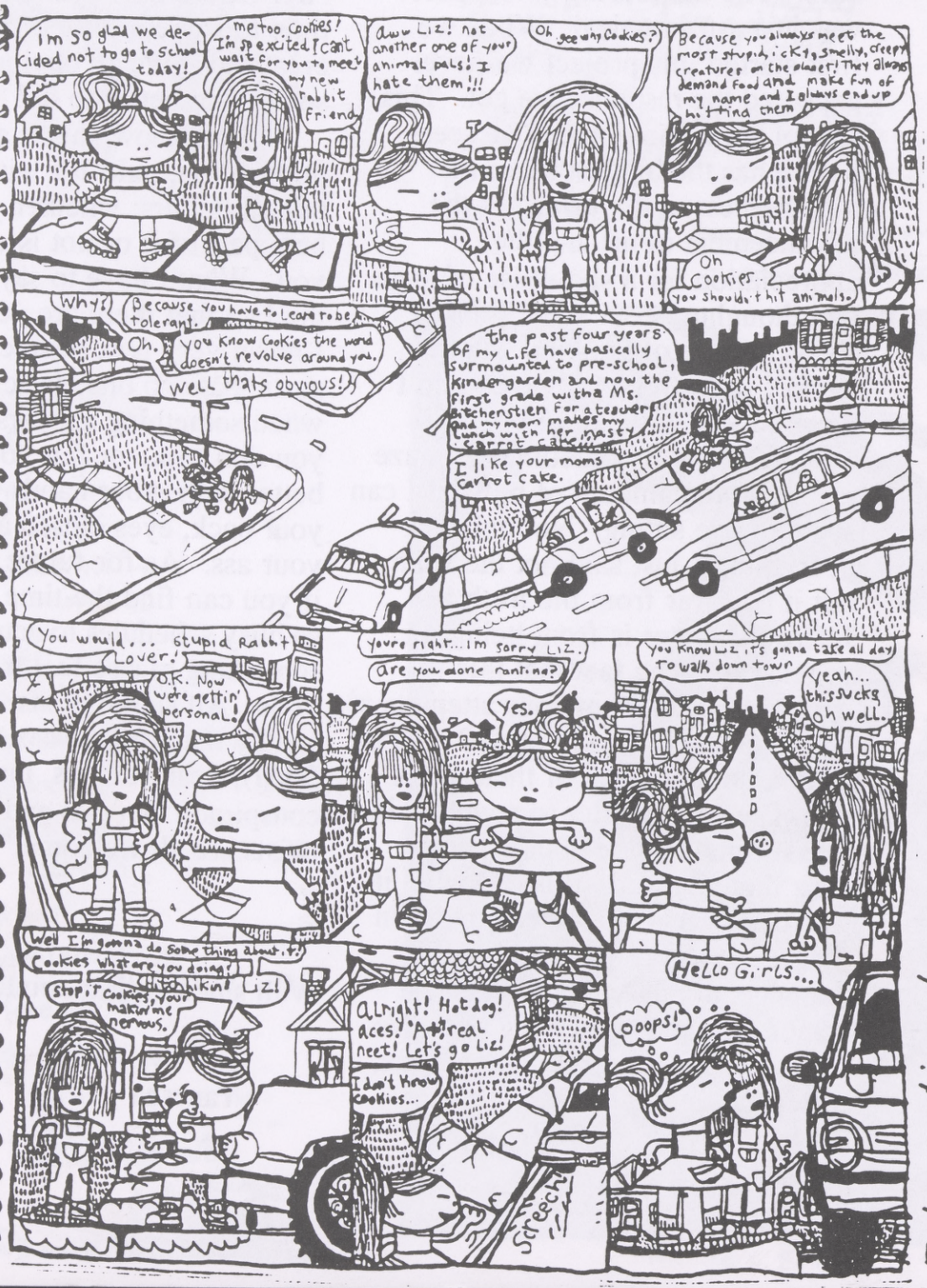
Tanesha

CLIFF NOTES by T. W. KELLER


WHY DO THE PEOPLE WE LOVE MOST IN THIS WORLD CAUSE US THE MOST PAIN?
ISN'T THERE ENOUGH PAIN IN THIS WORLD ALREADY?
CLIFF
REALITY IS NOTHING MORE THAN AN OBLIQUE QUESTION.
SAN FRANCISCO
NEW YORK
PARIS
WHAT?
EXACTLY

Cookies & Liz part one

start


im so glad we decided not to go to school today!
me too, cookies! I'm so excited I can't wait for you to meet my new rabbit friend
Aww Liz! not another one of your animal pals! I hate them!!!
Oh gee why Cookies?
Because you always meet the most stupid, icky, smelly, creepy creatures on the planet! They always demand food and make fun of my name and I always end up hitting them
Oh Cookies... you shouldn't hit animals.
Why?
Because you have to learn to be tolerant.
Oh.
You know Cookies the world doesn't revolve around you.
well thats obvious!
the past four years of my life have basically surmounted to pre-school, kindergarden and now the first grade with a Ms. Eichenstien for a teacher and my mom makes my lunch with her nasty carrot cake
I like your moms carrot cake.
You would... stupid Rabbit Lover!
O.K. Now we're gettin' personal!
you're right... I'm sorry LIZ.
are you done ranting?
yes.
you know Liz, it's gonna take all day to walk down town
yeah... this sucks oh well..
Well I'm gonna do some thing about it.
Cookies what are you doing!
Stop, Cookies, your makin' me nervous.
Liz!
Alright! Hot dog! Aces! A+ real neet! Let's go Liz!
I don't know Cookies...
Street
Hello Girls...
ooops!

To be continued...